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FUGITIVE

POETICAL PIECES,

BY MR. JERNINGHAM.

L O N D O N:

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MDCCLXXVIII.

MARGARET OF ANJOU,

A N

HISTORICAL INTERLUDE.

MANUSCRIPT OF A. J. J. J.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS historical Interlude is form'd upon the same plan that ROUSSEAU composed his *Pygmalion*, which is a new species of dramatic Entertainment, consisting of a Monologue that is often suspended by the interposition of Music, which must sympathise with the passions and feelings of the personage who is supposed to speak.

The following little drama was perform'd by Miss YOUNGE on her benefit night, and received from that celebrated actress all the spirit and colouring that excellence of acting can give. The
music

music. (the composition of Mr. Hook) was happily adapted to the tendency of the poem.

The subject is taken from a remarkable incident in the life of MARGARET. That unfortunate QUEEN flying with her Son 'into a forest after the
' Battle of *Hexham*, saw a robber approach with
' his naked sword, and finding that she had no
' means of escape, she suddenly embrac'd the resolution of trusting entirely for protection to his
' generosity. The man whose humanity and generous spirit had been obscured, not entirely lost
' by his vicious course of life, was struck with
' the singularity of the event, and charmed with
' the

‘ the confidence reposed in him, and he vow’d not
‘ only to abstain from all injury against the Queen,
‘ but to devote himself intirely to her safety and
‘ protection.’

HUME, CHAP. xxii.

N. B. The Astericks mark the pauses that
admitted the music.



MARGARET OF ANJOU.

AN INTERLUDE.

Enter MARGARET with her Son.

THE fierce pursuers will not here perchance
Discover us : the thick-inwoven umbrage
Of these gigantic trees will spread concealment :
Yet as their solemn branches wave, strange fear
Possesses me : yet all is still as night.
No thund'ring tread of horsemen arm'd, no quick
Approaching footsteps rush upon my ear.
The shouts of rebel victory are lost
And fade away, ere they can pierce these shades :
Ah what a victory ! He whose meek sway
Solicited his people's grateful love,
My Henry ! England's monarch fail'd, and at
The dying groan of stern defeat, that panted

A

Still for conquest, he too sure expired :
While I, a wretched outcast of the throne,
Rove desolate amid these savage walks,
Of ev'ry comfort, ev'ry hope bereft :

(*To her Child*)

But thou, my Edward, still art mine ! ah lay
Thy weary limbs on yonder bank, and I
Will watch beside thee.

(*Leads him to a Bank*)



He sleeps unconscious of the dire distress
That hovers o'er his head, kind Ignorance
That drops her veil before his infant eyes :
Yet as he blossoms into youth, the hand
Of Time with-drawing back the veil, shall for
The radiant prospect he this morn was heir to
Shall offer to his view a throne o'erturn'd



And floating in the blood of all his friends :

Ah what a fight ! it urges me to madness.



Yet all that courage cou'd effect was done :
 When wild Diffension her torn banners rear'd,
 Which insolently wav'd o'er Henry's head
 While he beneath their shade a captive stood,
 I, feeble agent, hurried to the field,
 And at that moment losing all the fears
 That haunt the female breast, I call'd to loyalty
 To snatch my Henry from Rebellion's arm :
 The valiant troops who then encircled me
 On Wakefield's day perform'd their duty well,
 And on St. Alban's memorable plain
 I saw defeated Warwick wing his flight
 And rescued Henry hasten to these arms.



Yet what avail these momentary triumphs !
 Ev'n while I speak perchance my Henry lies
 Extended on the plain, deform'd with wounds,
 While o'er his sacred corse the hostile band
 Irreverently pass, and with vile taunts
 Upbraid his overthrow : nor was I present
 To solace his last moments, catch the accents
 Of his departing voice, and close his fading eyes,



Th' illustrious youth on whose bright armour
 gleam'd
 The morning sun ! of all that valiant train
 Not one remains to guard yon helpless innocent.

— Darknefs spreads : cold descending night-air
chills

My boſom, while a murm'ring noiſe that tells
The coming ſtorm, ſounds thro' the conſcious
branches

Of this wood : Ah where ſhall I betake me !

(Walking in a diſtracted manner)

If at ſome hamlet-door I knock, will not
Theſe robes betray me ! and the ſun that's ſet
Upon that Infant's head, ah will it not
Invite the ſimple cottager to treachery !
Yet here to brave the ſtern inclement ſky,
With all the horrors of descending night,
My trembling heart refuſes—I will lead
Him hence, vain thought : Ah, to what ſtranger
heart

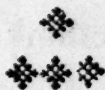
Dare I confide my ſon ? Shou'd he be torn

From these weak arms, yes, well, too well I
know,

This anxious heart wou'd at that moment burst.



The Pow'r above who sees into the depth
Of my great sorrow, knows that not to pride,
That not to Exaltation's gaudy honors
I e'er entrusted my felicity :
Amid the rude misfortunes that encircled me
The pulse of pleasure throbb'd within my breast
When I embrac'd my son : of him bereft,
Calamity's sharp fangs will tear my heart-strings.
I feel, I feel her now, fell tygress, at
My bosom, gorging on my mangled peace :
Ye cruel ruffians give me back my son :
Ah me ! wild fear foreruns my loss, and joins
The future moment to the present time.



(Kneeling)

Oh thou, all seeing Providence, if e'er
The scenes on earth attract thy sacred notice!
Then, let thy knowing clear discerning eye,
Whence radiant Pity beams, o'er my misfortune
Pause—And, thus humbly as I bend resign'd,
Let not my falling ruinous state, while it
O'erwhelms the mother, crush the child.



(Rising)

The night encreases, I must wake my son,

(Hanging fondly over him)

How sleep possesses him! Perhaps this slumber

Is doom'd his last—perhaps—what do I see
Stretch'd on a bier, methinks I see him gash'd
With daggers——Ah, 'twas fancy bodied forth
This cruel image, still my Edward breathes,
And these fond arms embrace my living child:

P R I N C E.

Oh mother lead me hence——

M A R G A R E T.

Say whither shall

I lead my Edward?

P R I N C E.

Lead me to my Father!

Why do you weep? Ah wherefore not reply?

Say, is my father slain?

M A R G A R E T.

I know not that.

P R I N C E.

Whence was that noise?

M A R G A R E T.

It was the chiding gale :
Ah no, it is the sound of hostile steps.

(Enter Robber)

R O B B E R.

Who e'er thou art, I see thou'rt in distress,
I too am well acquainted with misfortune,
And greater still than thine, for at my door
Pale Famine sits, while starving children send
A mournful peal : if ought thou hast conceal'd
Within this wood, give me the hoarded treasure.

M A R G A R E T.

Ah here is all my treasure.

(Pointing to her child)

B

R O B B E R.

Trifle not,

Give me thy treasure, or I'll slay thy Child.

M A R G A R E T.

Arrest that impious arm, He is thy Prince !

Talk not of want ; of Misery's scourgi ng hand

Complain no more ; in me, in me behold

Distressful Marg'ret, England's vanquish'd Queen !

And all the treasure left her from the field ;

The cruel havock of this morning's fight,

Is center'd in this Child.

R O B B E R.

Thanks to my God

I'm not so lost in vice, so deep-ingulph'd

In woe, but that my Sovereign's distress

Obliterates my own : forgive the bold

(*Kneeling*)

The savage mode in which I first accosted thee,
 And in atonement for my crime accept,
 Deign to accept what now my duty offers.
 I'll lead thee thro' some dark and winding path-
 way

Of this wild forest to a neighb'ring river,
 Where rides a Bark, whose canvass courts the gales
 That fly to France : where thou, unhappy Queen,
 May'st find a safe retreat from the wild dangers
 That surround thee.

M A R G A R E T.

Rise, rise, I dare confide
 Myself and my lov'd Child to your protection ;
 Lead on : amid the horrors of this hour,
 Rest of a crown, a husband, ev'ry friend,
 Amid this mighty ruin, Edward lives,

And wretched Margaret still shall be a mother,
This godlike deed of thine, thou gen'rous man,
From out the wond'rous story of this day
Shall shine to latest time, the most illustrious,

T H E E N D.

FOR THE VASE AT BATH EASTON:

UPON

D R E A M S.

NOVEMBER 1777.

I

AS Echo's voice returns the pleasing lay,
 So is a Dream the Echo of the day :
 The busy thoughts that round some object teem
 Oft join in sleep to form the nightly theme,
 Then bright-ey'd Fancy lifts her magic wand
 While scenes unreal rise at her command :
 Then Comedy, with all her laughing train
 Straight issues from the porch of Comus' fane,

And bringing with her all her pleasing wiles,
 Her pranks, her gambols, and her winning smiles,
 She bids her merry troop approach the bed
 And beat their airy dance round Anstey's head.

II

Still when some chosen fair commands the
 heart

Gay Fancy acts at night her mimic part :
 With skillful hand she decks the living scene
 And ushers to the view the bosom's Queen.
 Ye lovers answer to the truth I sing ;
 Say, does not Fancy to your slumber bring,
 Dress'd by each grace in beauty's best array,
 The welcome fair who charm'd you thro' the day !
 Does not her form return to glad the sight,
 Like Cynthia bursting thro' the cloud of night !
 How pleas'd each well-known feature we descry,
 That look of sense—that eloquence of eye—

She speaks—her words beyond vain Music's art
Steal on our slumber and enchant the heart.

III

Sometimes a dream anticipates the date,
Comes as a prophet to reveal our fate :
And thus, ere Yorick sunk into the tomb,
The Priest of sentiment foresaw his doom :
'Twas night—his solitary couch he press'd,
Till sorrow-worn he wearied into rest ;
Eliza then soft-gliding on his view,
Thus o'er his slumber breath'd her sad adieu :
' Oh thou my guardian, confident, and friend,
' To what thy hand-maid now reveals attend ;
' No longer now the gift of Health implore,
' The curtain drops, and thy short scene is o'er ;
' Yet ere thy feeling spirit takes its flight,
' Yet ere I'm robb'd (of all my bliss) thy sight,

* Some fond endearment to Eliza shew;
 * And thy last blessing on thy Child bestow:*

The vision ceas'd—yet then the shawl she
 spread *

To raise compassionate his drooping head,
 And (from her eyes as beads of sorrow fell)
 Low on her knees receiv'd his last farewell.

IV

Oft playful Fancy sheds a brighter beam,
 And prompts the splendid allegoric dream :
 Thus late while sleep my closing eyelids seal'd
 This visionary scene she then reveal'd :
 Methought, encompass'd by a brilliant train,
 I reach'd the steps of bright Minerva's fane ;
 Full in the midst a mystic vase I view'd,
 Round which the Muses new-blown flow'rets
 strew'd :

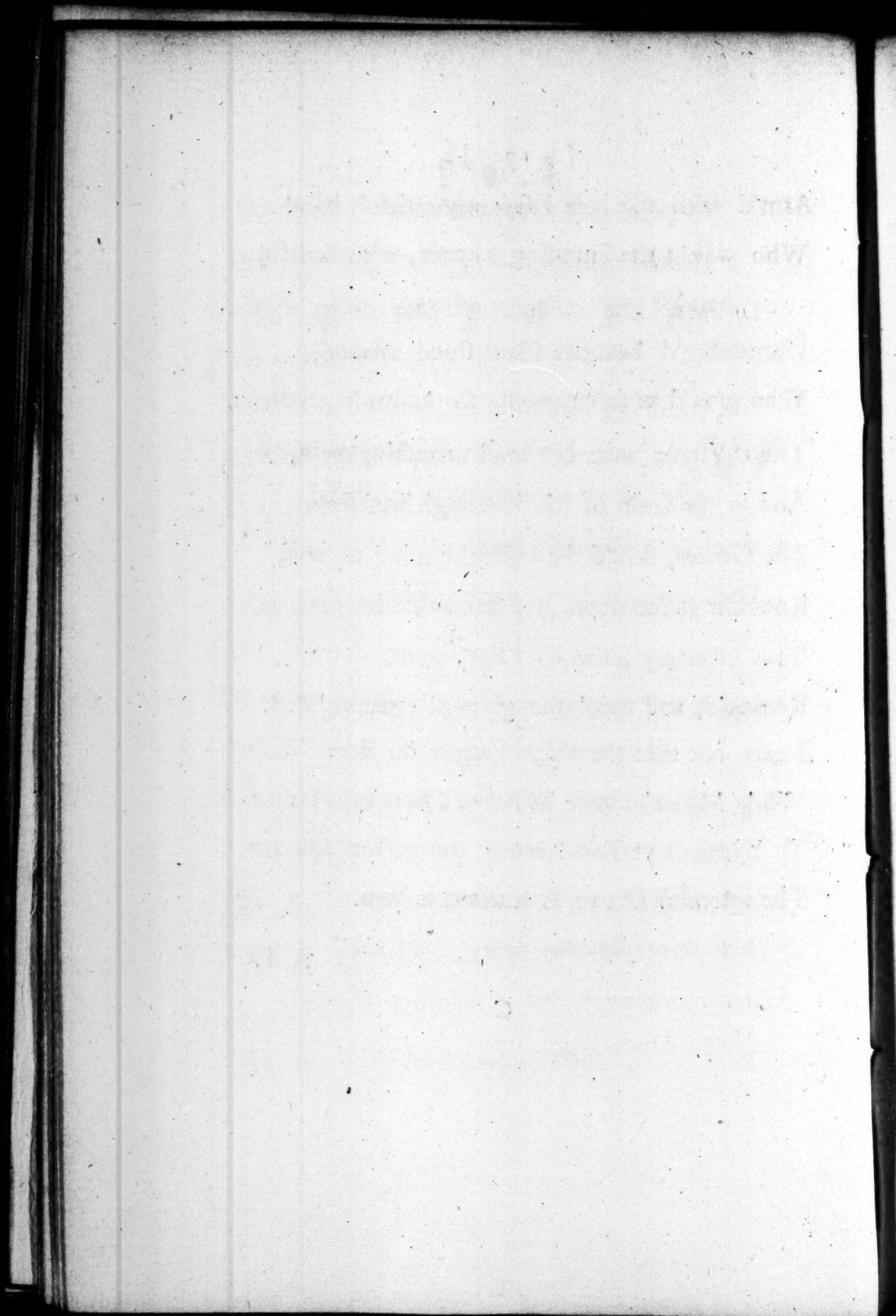
* See the Letters to Eliza.

Arm'd with the lyre I saw a youthful band
 Who wak'd the founding chords, with skillful
 hand :

Unnumber'd beauties silent stood around,
 Who grac'd as softer priests the hallow'd ground :
 There Virtue wore her most attractive mein,
 And in the form of Marlborough was seen.
 The Graces, skill'd the cultur'd mind to win,
 Knock'd at the door, and Bamfylde let them in.
 This visionary scene by Fancy bred,
 Remov'd, and thro' the gates of morning fled.
 I care not that the vision sought the skies
 While Miller's dome Minerva's fane supples :
 Ye Youths ! ye Fair ! accept the verse that's due,
 The splendid Dream is realized in you.

A L-

C



A L B I N A.

W O U ' D genius to my fond demand
 My earnest bold request bestow;
 A vivid pencil to this hand,
 Dipt in the brilliant vernal bow :

How eager wou'd I then engage
 (With faithful and unerring aim)
 To paint on the poetic page
 Albina's elegance of frame !

Her tresses—dark with auburn hue :
 Her brow serene—young Candour's throne :
 Her timid eye—whose languid blue
 Sheds charms peculiarly its own.

Her cheek—that wears a lively glow :

Not after the fresh morning show'r
Can Italy's rich summer shew,
On all her banks, so bright a flow'r.

Her cherry lip—inviting bliss,

Where Love deliciously reposes,
Accompanied by many a kiss
On fragrant leaves of breathing roses;

Yet who can paint her beauteous mind !

There Innocence has fix'd her seat ;
There easy wit, and taste refin'd,
And sentiment and knowledge meet.

Love, who oft whelms the fair in woe,

Soon robb'd her guileless mind of rest :
Affection's flame dissolved the snow
That lodg'd within her spotless breast.

As still the East the morn-beams streak

And gild the portal of the Day,

So did her morning thought still break

On the same Youth with Ardor's ray:

As the last glimm'rings of the sky

Pause on the lake, ere they expire,

Each night her thought (as clos'd her eye)

Died on the Youth of her desire.

The nuptials eager to profane

The bold unfeeling, treach'rous Youth,

Led the chaste Maiden to the fane

With all the mockery of truth.

There a domestic in disguise

The office of a priest supplied;

While the deceiver, led by Vice,

Religion's dread reproach defied.

Hypocrisy with down-cast air,
 Profanefs with an atheist eye,
 And lust with a malignant leer,
 Remark'd the mock-connubial tie.

No sooner had the youth prevail'd,
 Successful in his impious aim,
 He left the drooping fair assail'd
 By Grief, by Infamy, and Shame.

'Twas then the beauteous mourner woo'd
 Meek Quiet in her lonely seat,
 Where Competency watchful strew'd
 Her sober treasures at her feet.

I'll not the little pathway tell
 That winds to thy sequester'd scene ;
 Where Virtue loves with thee to dwell,
 Remote—unseeing and unseen.

Where Resignation takes her stand,
 Prompt to perform her friendly part,
 And gathers with a trembling hand,
 The Fragments of a Broken Heart.

An

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1944

and yellowish-brown spots on the

An English Officer in the late war being taken prisoner by the French Indians, became the slave of an old Indian chief, who treated him with humanity. One day the Indian took the Officer up a Hill, and address'd him as follows.

See the Anecdotes of Literature, vol. 5th.

T H E

INDIAN CHIEF.

‘ **T**WELVE tedious moons hast thou my
captive been,

- ‘ I’ve taught thee how to build the swift canoe,
- ‘ To chase the boar, prepare the beaver’s skin,
- ‘ To speed the shaft, and scalp the shrieking foe.

D

‘ Say, does thy father sleep within his grave ?—
 ‘ Oh Heav’n forbid, the feeling youth replied ! —
 ‘ Then do his sorrows all my pity crave ’
 The chief return’d ! — ‘ Twere better he had died,

‘ I was a father once—oh valiant son !
 ‘ Thy loss each low’ring morn and eve recall.
 ‘ To shield my years, to danger’s path he run ;
 ‘ These eyes beheld the gallant warrior fall :

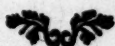
‘ And glory saw him fall with wounds o’erspread,’
 ‘ Bold on his bosom ev’ry wound he bore :
 ‘ I rent the forelock from his murderer’s head
 ‘ And left him breathless on the crimson shore

‘ Since that sad day my hours no pleasure share’—
 The Indian chief now paus’d with sorrow fraught,
 Wrapt in the awful silence of despair ;
 At length in words he cloath’d his mournful
 thought.

' Behold that sun ! how bright it shines to you !
 ' Since that sad day to me it looks a cloud :
 ' How gay yon blooming roses meet your view !
 ' To me grief drops o'er Nature's breast a shroud.

' Go virtuous stranger, to thy father go,
 ' Wipe from his furrow'd cheek Misfortune's
 tear :

' Go, bid the sun to him his splendor shew,
 ' And bid the flow'r in all her bloom appear.'



ON SEEING

Mrs MONTAGU's PICTURE.

HAD this fair form the mimic art displays
Adorn'd in Roman time the brightest days:

In ev'ry dome, in ev'ry sacred place

Her statue wou'd have breath'd an added grace,

And on its basis would have been enroll'd

This is Minerva cast in Virtue's mould.



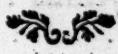
INSCRIPTION

FOR

A REED-HOUSE. *

Say, if to shun the noisy day,
 The summer sun's oppressive ray,
 Thou visit'st Contemplation's cell,
 Here tarry—she'll repay thee well :
 For she can bid each passion cease
 And soothe the troubled heart to peace,
 Can to thy sober wishes yield
 Contentment's flow'r and Wisdom's shield.

* At *Cossey*, the Seat of Sir WILLIAM JERNINGHAM.



THE

VENETIAN MARRIAGE.

THE western sun's expiring ray
To VENICE gave a milder day ;
Till by degrees the ling'ring light
Hung trembling on the verge of night.
CAMILLA then, with fearful soul,
To th' Adriatic margin stole,
Where in a bark, at Love's command,
PLACENTIO took his faithful stand,
Possessing now his future bride,
He bade the bark securely glide,
Which far unlike that gally show'd
That down the silver Cydnus row'd,

Beneath whose purple sails were seen,
 Proud Ostentation's gaudy Queen,
 Who sure of conquest, vain of mind,
 All languishingly lay reclined !
 Here Beauty undefil'd by art,
 Whose bosom own'd a tender heart,
 Beneath the sails from home remov'd,
 And trusted to the man she lov'd.

A soothing calmness lull'd the deep,
 And hush'd each wavy surge to sleep :
 The air along the sultry day,
 Scorch'd by the summer's fervent ray,
 Was freshen'd by a recent show'r,
 While Silence solemniz'd the hour.

The still solemnity impress'd
 With awful thoughts CAMILLA's breast,

For now by prompting Love impell'd,
 Now by Timidity withheld,
 The words which to pronounce she tried,
 Recoil'd, and unaccented died.
 PLACENTO too alike subdued,
 They sail'd along in silent mood,
 And stillness reign'd from shore to shore,
 Unbroke—but by the dashing oar.

At length the fair dissolv'd the charm—

- ‘ Ah, wonder not I feel alarm !
- ‘ Confiding in thy love I came,
- ‘ And risk'd for thee my virgin fame :
- ‘ Ah tell me to what place we sail,
- ‘ For in my bosom fears prevail :
- ‘ Yet answer not this idle fear,
- ‘ Where'er thou art bright Honour's there.’

' The plan I form, the youth replied,
 ' To Innocence is close allied,
 ' And fearful of thy virgin fame
 ' As of her babe the tender dame.
 ' These waves that wander to the sea,
 ' Wash in their pilgrimage a tree,
 ' Which spreads its lowly branches wide,
 ' And dips them in the passing tide :
 ' There, in a shed compos'd of reeds,
 ' An aged hermit tells his beads :
 ' He, gen'rous sage, will join our hands
 ' In wedlock's unremitting bands.
 ' Then to VALCLUSA we'll repair,
 ' Where LAURA's soul informs the air :
 ' Where PETRARCH's spirit hovers round,
 ' The guardian of the sacred ground,

Forbidding still that fiend of art,
 ' That shrewd perverter of the heart,
 ' The snake, Inconstancy, to rove
 ' Within the paradise of Love.

' As when chill Winter quits the land,
 ' The snow-drop does her leaves expand,
 ' So may chill fears your breast release,
 ' Till gently it expands to peace,
 ' Mild as these twilight breezes blow,
 ' Soft as the waves on which we flow.'

' Ye walls where first I drew the air,
 ' Return'd (assur'd) the beauteous fair ;
 ' Ye turrets which but dimly seen
 ' Encrease the terrour of the scene !
 ' Ye stately tow'rs ! and rising spires !
 ' From you CAMILLA now retires,

'Thou tomb whose pious urn contains
 'My sacred parents' cold remains :
 'Ye partners of my tender years,
 'Whom youthful sympathy endears :
 'Ye joys that crown my native coast,
 'Well for PLACENTIO all are lost.'

She ceas'd—and on her pensive soul
 Again an awful musing stole,
 Such as the twilight scene excites,
 Such as the feeling heart delights ;
 For as the coy nocturnal flow'r *
 No more its sweets at eve witholds,
 So the meek heart at th' evening hour
 Its sensibility unfolds.

* The night-smelling Geranium.

See now they reach the sacred cell
 Where Wisdom, Peace, and Virtue dwell :
 There, bent beneath the weight of age,
 They find prepar'd th' expecting sage.
 He hail'd them in a friendly tone,
 And bade them call his cell their own ;
 Where rose an altar form'd of moss,
 Crown'd with a simple wooden cross !
 There too a taper, mildly bright,
 Supplied a pompous glare of light :
 No holy relick rich-enchas'd
 This humble low-roof'd temple grac'd.
 But flow'rets from the neighb'ring wood,
 The unambitious altar strew'd :
 For incense they exhal'd perfume,
 For ornament they gave their bloem.
 The hermit spoke—' Hail virtuous pair,
 ' May sorrow now your bosom spare :

' Tho' youth be yours, yet well I know
 ' You've tasted deep of human woe !
 ' Control, and art, and baseness join'd,
 ' To cancel what your hearts design'd :
 ' But now Misfortune's reign is o'er,
 ' And Pleasure opens all her store.'

See now the youthful pair unite,
 To meet the hymeneal rite :
 Pronouncing as they lowly bow,
 Warm from the heart, the hallow'd vow :
 At length the hermit joins their hands
 In willing and unvenal bands,
 Unspotted bands ! which mutual Love,
 And Confidence and Virtue wove.



T H E

MEXICAN FRIENDS. *

SEE to the fane HISPANIA's troops repair,
 Whose high ascending tow'rs are lost in air :
 From whence the MEXICANS with speedy art
 Show'r on the foe the death-inflicting dart :
 Yet then by CORTEZ led, still undismay'd,
 The SPANIARD host the lofty fane invade.

* The sublime instance of heroic friendship that forms the subject of this poem, is recorded by ANTONIO DE SOLIS in his History of the conquest of Mexico. This is an Episode of a more extensive poem, and being the part that was the most favourably receiv'd, I am not unwilling to sacrifice a few pages for the sake of rendering my poetical offerings more acceptable to the public.

Two valiant youths (whom friendship's holy
hand,

Had join'd with her indissoluble band)

Beheld indignant, smit with patriot grief,

The great achievements of the hostile chief :

And now JANELLAN thus accosts his friend :

' Firm to no purpose, active to no end,

' See from our gallant men yon hallow'd tow'r

' Already ravish'd by th' invading pow'r :

' Must this, committed to our mutual care,

' The same defeat, the same dishonour share ?

' If so——the victor shall not long survive——

' A thought that bids my fading hope revive :

' A thought—that like the thunder-flash of night

' Darts on my darken'd mind a radiant light——

' But ere my veil'd designment I unfold,

' Declare, however rash, however bold,

‘Thou’lt not o’ershade with Caution’s chill con-
troul,

‘The warm, the splendid purpose of my soul.’

VENZULA to his breast his hand applied,
And thus beyond the pow’r of words replied.

The youth resum’d—‘From this aerial height,
‘Bid thy bold vision take its deepest flight,
‘Down to yon rock; far stretching o’er the shore,
‘Gainst which the raging waves incessant roar,
‘Whose clashing voices into stillness fade,
‘Ere this tremendous distance they pervade:
‘If Fortune bless what my proud counsels urge,
‘Yon waves shall murmur soon the victor’s dirge!
‘My secret project I will now unveil:
‘Should CORTEZ o’er this valiant band prevail,

‘ Should thro’ controulment, and thro’ stubborn
force,

‘ Pour like a torrent his destructive course,
‘ When on this summit first he shall appear,
‘ I will advance, with well-dissembled fear,
‘ And, suppliant as I kneel to win his grace,
‘ I’ll dauntless lock him in a stern embrace,
‘ Bear him reluctant to yon giddy steep,
‘ Where yawns a dreadful opening to the deep,
‘ And thence—self-ruin’d for my country’s good;
‘ Plunge with her foe into the whelming flood!’

VENZULA answered—‘ Yes, I much admire
‘ What now thy matchless virtue dares inspire:
‘ But wilt thou, with an avarice of fame,
‘ The meed of Glory all exclusive claim?
‘ Wilt thou to perils close to Death adjoin’d
‘ Advance, and leave thy faithful Friend behind?’

' In infancy we shar'd the glitt'ring toys,
 ' And in one circle play'd our harmless joys :
 ' And when we quitted childhood's lowly vale,
 ' Where springing flow'rets scent the playful gale,
 ' Still hand in hand we climb'd youth's arduous
 height,
 ' Whence greater scenes expanded on the sight,
 ' Still our pursuits consenting to one plan,
 ' Like wedded streams our lives united ran :
 ' And wilt thou now oppose the sacred tide,
 ' And bid the friendly waves disparting glide ?'

JANELLAN spoke—' Endearing youth forgive :

' The conq'ror of some future CORTEZ live !
 ' Nor mark my fall with Grief's dejected brow,
 ' View from my death the bright effects that flow ;
 ' Behold the tomb that Gratitude shall raise,
 ' Illustrious signal of my country's praise.'

To this the brave VENZULA made reply,
 And as he spoke, tears started from his eye :
 ‘ What tho’ Felicity thy gift shall stream
 ‘ Sunlike o’er MEXICO with brightest beam,
 ‘ Not all the splendour that her rays impart,
 ‘ Will e’er illumine my benighted heart,
 ‘ When destitute of thee, its only ray,
 ‘ Without the hope of kind returning day.

‘ Yet then to this great argument adjoin’d
 ‘ Sublimer motives urge my steady mind :
 ‘ Recall, recall that joy-diffusing hour,
 ‘ When gay Prosperity adorn’d my bow’r,
 ‘ As thy fair sister, half-afraid to speak,
 ‘ With down-cast look, and blush-embellish’d cheek
 , At Love’s request assented to be mine :
 ‘ Of fleeting bliss vain momentary shine :

- ‘ For she, in flow’r of Youth and Virtue’s bloom,
- ‘ Was swept untimely to the rav’nous tomb :
- ‘ As sorrow-wounded o’er her couch I hung,
- ‘ To catch the tones that faded as they sprung,
- ‘ *The God, she said, now summons me away,*
- ‘ *Far from the confines of th’ endearing day :*
- ‘ *Thou of the life I lose the dearest part,*
- ‘ *Thou chosen spouse ! thou sun-beam of my heart,*
- ‘ *Say, by Affection’s glowing band impress’d,*
- ‘ *Shall I not live in thy recording breast ?*
- ‘ *If sacred be the suff’rer’s last desires,*
- ‘ *Revere what now my parting soul requires :*
- ‘ *I leave a brother, by bright Honour rear’d,*
- ‘ *By all approv’d, and much to me endear’d :*
- ‘ *Be, for the sister’s love, the brother’s friend ;*
- ‘ *Nor from his side depart when storms descend :*
- ‘ *The palm of Glory waving in your sight,*
- ‘ *In council, peril, enterprise unite.’*

- ' Shall I, when danger calls, consign to air
- ' The last bequeathing wishes of the fair ?
- ' Perdition catch the base unmanly thought !
- ' By Love's subliming purest dictates taught
- ' Amid the perils that around thee wait,
- ' View me resolv'd to share th' impending fate :
- ' Now to this spot the foe impels the war,
- ' Discordance screams, opposing lances jar :
- ' The steep ascent to CORTEZ now has gain'd,
- ' Ah, mark his spear with streaming gore distain'd.'

Th' illustrious youths now act their dread design,
 See at the victor's knee they low incline !
 Now clasp with circling force th' incautious foe,
 And close adhering to his figure grow :
 Their deadly aim his better fate controll'd,
 With matchless pow'r he bursts their stubborn
 hold :

- ‘ For she, in flow’r of Youth and Virtue’s bloom,
- ‘ Was swept untimely to the rav’nous tomb :
- ‘ As sorrow-wounded o’er her couch I hung,
- ‘ To catch the tones that faded as they sprung,
- ‘ *The God, she said, now summons me away,*
- ‘ *Far from the confines of th’ endearing day :*
- ‘ *Thou of the life I lose the dearest part,*
- ‘ *Thou chosen spouse ! thou sun-beam of my heart,*
- ‘ *Say, by Affection’s glowing hand impress’d,*
- ‘ *Shall I not live in thy recording breast ?*
- ‘ *If sacred be the suff’rer’s last desires,*
- ‘ *Revere what now my parting soul requires :*
- ‘ *I leave a brother, by bright Honour rear’d,*
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The heroes, blasted in their bold intent,
 Approach'd (Death hov'ring near) the dire de-
 scent :

Then, in each other's circling arms compress'd,
 The last and dear farewell in sighs express'd :
 'Twas Friendship burning with meridian flame,
 One cause—one thought—one ruin—and one fame—
 Tremendous moment ! See, they fall from light,
 And dauntless rush to never ending night !

Ye self-devoted patriot victims, hail !
 Oblivion's gulph shall ne'er entomb your tale :
 While History to Time's extremeſt goal
 Her ſteam majestic ſhall thro' ages roll,
 Like two fair flow'rets on one ſtem that blow
 Ye on her margin ſhall for ever glow.

F I N I S.

